

THE WAR CRY RACE STARTS THIS WEEK.

THE

WHERE WILL YOU BE IN THE RACE?

WAR CRY

GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA

51

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THERE IS AN OPEN DOOR AND AN OUTSTRETCHED HAND AT THE SALVATION ARMY RESCUE HOME FOR EVERY LAPPED WOMAN.

Working Bride.

(See Frontispiece).

Chapter I.

LITTLE ANNIE—A CHILD-BRIDE OF TORONTO.

A WISE, old woman-child, sitting by the bed-side of a feeble, invalid mother watching a group of dark-eyed, half-starved children, snarling and bellowing at one another. Now and then she makes a sudden rush at them, indiscriminately dealing out slaps and cuffs, and there is an official effort to enforce peace, in order that the weary mother may sleep. All is desolation and cold disorder in this rough wooden shanty in the rear of the more respectable houses of one of the streets of Toronto.

A tap at the frost-covered window. The piled-up snow sweeps in on the breath of the blizzard as the sultry door is slung open. It is a neighbor, with a message from the jail.

"You've got to go right straight to the jail. Your father's took awful bad. Guess you had better be quick if you want to see him again."

Dragging her cap down over her ears,

and rolling a woolen muffler round and round her throat and face, and thrusting her hands deep into her pockets, she plunges out with down-bent head and her billowy snow-drifts. With a small bundle she looks as she buffets with the wind and storm, bearing on her brooding shoulders such a weight of responsibility! She crosses the Don, and reaches the heavy door of the jail. When she opens the prison door, the lock she is met with the news that her father is already dead—dead drunk—drank himself to death. Home!—and she stumbles, almost knee-deep in snow, thinking busily the while.

Her mother father, he had never done her much good, and he knocked her about kind of rough when he was drunk, which was mostly every day, but still—well, she was used to it. She had not hold of him, and run him in yesterday. And a tear that starts to her eye, freed from her eyelash before it has time to fall.

Precious Little Difference

the fact of her being fatherless—was the fact in her existence had it not been for the above-mentioned fact, for the ebullient vitality of her frail and thriftless mother. A little longer, and she was fatherless and motherless, and, in addition, a walling baby in her arms to add to the responsibility of the little brothers and sisters now to be provided for.

Now an unexpected turn in the wheel of her life. A young man takes a fancy to her pretty, veiled, dark face, and, fair with promises, induces her to marry him; and so, thinking to make a home for the children, she consents. Ah! little Annie—little fourteen-year-old bride—is not to be a bed of roses for you!

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Chapter II.

IN THE LOCK-UP WARD.

See her now, some years later, stretched in the weary monotony of the "cinder-block" ward of the hospital, deserted by every one. Tedious weeks drag past; nothing to do but to wait. She thinks of the dreary past. Her husband has proved himself a drunkard, lower than a brute; would not so pitifully towards his own. A slave to his own evil propensities, he drank her down, and she drank her down, and enslave her too. Constantly bruised and kicked, she was unrelieved and sickly. Six children are born to them—born in a world of pain, and bawling and crying, and they thrust unwelcome into her own especial keeping. In addition to the mother's wretchedness, then he deserts her altogether.

What is There Left for Her to do?

She has neither strength nor knowledge to work; but she can spin. Money comes in easily; she is provided for and has no one cares.

But vice, with its companions, sickness and suffering, are not to be so young and helpless, in this dreary ward. Her children are scattered about the place, some of them, the rest of them up the best they can. No one cares anything about her. Everyone forsakes her if she weeps or cries. The patients have lots of visitors; she hears them tramping and to and fro with fruit and flowers in their hands.

What's the Good of Living?

She is very sick and weary of it all! Ah! there's the Salvation Army lady

come again. She will call her over and tell her about it all.

Why, her eyes are filled with tears. Actually, she is crying for her, and tears are in her own eyes in response. Such a new, strange feeling. "Oh! how she would like to be good! But there—she never had no chance, and it's too late now!"

"Oh! no! no! We have a home waiting for you, and we will love you, and teach you to work, and you shall start afresh in life, if you will only come."

"Well, she will think about it: she won't promise. It don't seem natural, somehow, all the same."

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Chapter III.

IN THE POLICE COURT.

Now she is mounted at the bar in the crowded police-court. Lawyers, reporters, police, public are all alike staring at her. Every eye on her. It makes her feel like reeling over. She is sick and weak with those hard-starting eyes. Not a soul to stand by her!

Oh! if she had not gone to that Salvation Home! When she had come out of that hospital she really meant to have gone, but she met the old woman who kept the whisky drive, which had been the nearest approach to him she had ever had. The woman had

Stuck the Bottle Right Under Her Nose, and how could she help tasting them, or taking more when once it had passed her lips? Then the "bottles" got hold of her. She must have been almost crazy with drink and disappointment. It is all a muddle, but she remembers vaguely how she used to hang herself with the long band round her bustle. She was almost gone, her swollen tongue was looting out, but a policeman came in, just in time, and cut her down. There is an ugly purple mark all round her throat, her hands and wrists are bruised and swollen, and out with the handcuffs they had put on, and she was still so weak and sick after the long illness in hospital. No wonder every one stares at her so curiously as she stands there.

The Salvation Army Officer of the Court is talking to the chief inspector, who turns to the judge.

The judge is addressing her. Can she hear him now? What he he saying?

"If I let you go to the Salvation Army, will you promise to be a better girl than you are?"

"Yes, indeed. I will, your worship."

"Go on, then."

The policeman helps her down, the crowd opens to let her pass. Soft, warm arms are around her. At last she is safe in the Salvation Army Home; so comfortable, fairly glowing with cheerfulness, and sunshine, and color, and all the wealth of strong Salvation affection, so pure and true.

"Oh, I Will be Good!"

I will be good now! she sobs and sips and sips and sips, feeling to and fro. "I will never touch that filthy whiskey any more." That night, with pious prayers, she kneels at her father's feet. Days pass; slowly the bruises

fade from her wrists, and a softer color comes in the poor, drawn cheeks. There is a chance for her now.

At last, strengthened in body and soul, she starts to work in a place, and for some time toils bravely on.

But the old enemy had tripped her up once more. Oh, praise God! It was to the home, and not to the whisky drive she had flown when she found herself slipping. Cheer up, lassie! try again, we are here to help you!

True, This is Discouraging,

and one learns to live with an aching soul in this work. We are consecrated to a life of sorrow, but surely we must not expect to be above our Master, for was not He "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief?" and does not the sense of being a co-worker with Him far outweigh all the apparent discouragement of it all? Oh, yes! a thousand times, Yes!

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The King's Own Band.

Captain Wright, the saved Englishman, is our solo cornet player. Was saved fourteen years ago in Hereford, England, in the Army. He has been fighting as an Officer for almost two years, and has at present a divorce from his wife for about four months.

Captain Fred Knight, the solo alto trombonist, is a marvel to the age, of course, when he comes from Peterborough, England. Has been an Officer for five years, and is still determined to fight for God and justice.

Captain Jimmy Miller, the flunky Scotchman, is a saved miner. Plays solo cornet and band. He is well-saved to-day, and often sings, "I've got the de' turned out." Praise God!

Captain Carter, the "Cockney," was saved in London, England, some years ago. Has since come to this country, and has made up his mind to persevere in the South. He is our Trade Manager.

Candidate Smith, Sergeant-Major of Windsor Corps, is our drummer. He has been a soldier for about three years, and has made up his mind to persevere in the South. He is our Trade Manager.

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The Held-Overs

The following live and spicy war despatches from our illustrious Commandants on the Field of Battle, we regret to say, been crowded out of our last issue.

LIVERPOOL.

Praise the Lord! Things are beginning to brighten; clouds getting better. War Crys are out. Sunday meetings good all day. One soul at night. Others desiring us to pray for them.—Carrie Matheson, Captain.

NORTH BEND.

Hard fighting makes good soldiers. Two soldiers came here from Vancouver, and found nobody to hold to the blood-stained banner, not even to the poor Indians, so we felt that meeting should be held here. One of the Plymouth Brethren joined us. We waited the station platform for twenty minutes singing, and nobody came to listen but the telegraph operator. Back we walked to the hotel, but the landlord refused us permission to hold a meeting there. We could not get a chance to talk them into the Kingdom, so we did our best to sing them. The Lord has given us victory, and we intend to go on and hand up the Cross in the name of God we will fight. Hallelujah—T. W. and A. J. S.

ADJUTANT GALT AT THE ICE CREAM.

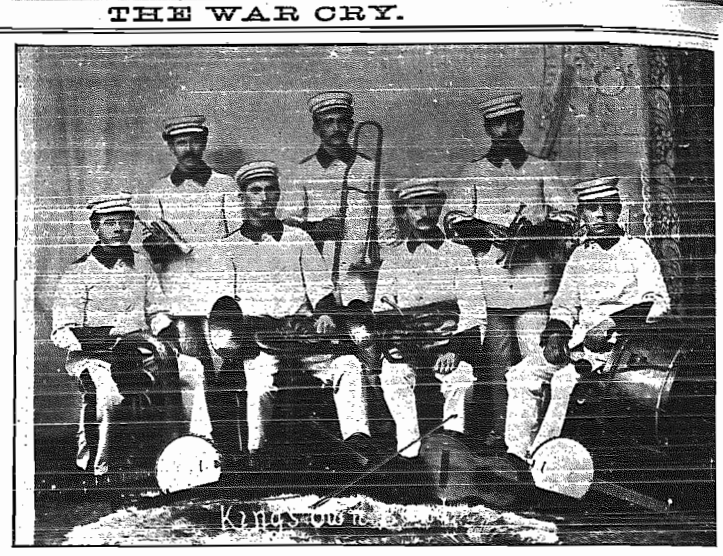
POINT ST. CHARLES.—Adjutant Galt led the meeting in connection with our Ice-Cream Social recently. Everything went well, but the meeting was the best of all. Ensign, Burroughs of the Junior Soldier War, He conducted a lime-light service, entitled, "Cutting White Rabbits," or "A Dream of the Judgment," which proved a great blessing. On Sunday, from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m., we worked for God. No one yielded, so far as we know, but we are going to keep at it in the strength of God.—Regular Correspondent W. Gooday.

STUMPING MACHINE AT WORK.

PETERBORO. We had our excursion on Thursday the 26th; it was a grand day. Fred and Lida joined us on the grounds. We had a good day together. Open-air meetings were held. Captain and Cadet were at Havelock, so the Adjutant was alone for the day, but she knew how to lead a meeting all right. God bless her! The meetings were grand. Brother Mark, or better known as "Cubley Miller," said he had the Hallelujah stumping machine applied to his heart, and that all the roots were taken out. Praise God!—Sergeant Lang.

AUROREA.

God is still blessing us here, and we are still keeping on the move. We bid



THE KING'S OWN BAND, attached to the Provincial Headquarters for Special Work in the Eastern Province.

our Junior picnic and Jubilee on Wednesday and had a good time during the day, and at night we had a programme. The proceedings wound up by reading one after another some of get saved—Albert Rose, Captain.

INCKERSHOLL.

The Special Harvest Festival Traveling Brigade has finished a series of magnificent and soul-waking meetings. They were well received and carried on in every place; also had grand financial returns. God abundantly bless our friends in Inckersholl, Putnam, Jamestown, Dereham Centre, and Mount Zion, where these special meetings were held. Kind to the outcasts have been given to "come again." Week's meetings wound up with "Battle of Blood," which was a grand finale. The men fighting splendidly. At night one of the largest audiences of the season was present. Officers, Soldiers and friends hourly at work for the success of Harvest Festival.—M. Kennedy, Regular Correspondent.

OAKVILLE.

Again God has manifested His power to the world. A young man came to Him, confessing his sins, proved for himself that God has power on earth to forgive sinners. Hallelujah! There was an open-air meeting on the lake bank, where the most of the crowd did not appear to reverence the Sabbath day, and we were glad to prepare to meet God. Yours fighting for God.—Sergeant Hinton.

QUELPE.

We are not dead, nor sleeping. God is saving souls. I'm happy to be able to tell you that the Lord is doing new things for the good old cry, and he will do it, to give a good report of things in this land.

Thank God we're marching on, on to Victory, led by Jesus Christ. Our victories are such that cause Heaven to rejoice and Hell to mourn. Pardon was a good day; a hard-fought battle, but when we gathered in the spell we counted two precious souls.

We have just had a dear woman converted to God, who has been a depraved character and an awful drunkard. We have been praying for her for weeks, and a week ago Sunday she knelt at our penitent-form and got saved. Hallelujah! and last Sunday saved her husband and kneel and cry for mercy, and now both husband and wife are marching on to Glory. Another poor girl not saved; she had been baptized, but the Priest had not returned home. She found out wept her sins away at Jesus' feet; so we are, by His grace, sending in by one, those for whom Christ died. Our open-air work is good, and conviction is coming down upon the town. The Lord is doing splendidly, and we have great hopes for Harvest Festival, shall endeavor to give you a little news here and again, we shall be rolling along I'm saved through Jesus' Blood. Yours sticking at it.—J. H. Seeclman, Handmaster.

NEW LONDON AND BRIGHTON.

MAJOR MCKENZIE, Provincial Officer.

DILDO.

Hallelujah! We are still fighting on in the strength of Jesus. Sunday, a visit from our new District Officer, Benjamin, and a grand day's fight. No one got saved, but, nevertheless, we are in for licking the devil, and believing for victory. Friday night and three linked to an outpost to dedicate two babes. Got a lurch on the way from two of our comrades, taking us to the trial. We trembled and shook, but we leaped upon God. Got the victory. Returned home full of the Spirit. More than ever we fight and win.—Lieutenants B. Harris and Parsons.

GRAPT OLD MAN OUTFITTED.

THAT NIGHT, MYSELF. This week the Devil wanted to send us that it was too hot to get people saved, but we just gave him the credit for attending to our own business, and we went to work at our own in the night of God, which resulted in two precious souls seeking pardon, and we believe in Him. One of them was at Port de Gravelle Outpost. We are still moving along here, and things are going on splendidly. Victory is sure, if we ask for it in the right way.—Captain G. P. Thomson and Lieutenant Moore.

GOD'S CLOTHES.

One of our Comrades, says August Gilles, in reference to a meeting at Goudsburg, white testifies was referring to the guernseys that some of our brethren have got into, and told us that they were wearing "God's clothes." We thought it was a beautiful and appropriate name for our much despised uniform.—G. Gilbe.

THE GREAT NORTH WEST.

MAJOR BENNETT VISITS A MODEL CIRCLE CORPS.

Harvest Work Dropped to Attend to Salvation—Making Sinners Quake and Rustling the Wild West

EMERSON CIRCLE CORPS.

I ARRIVED at this place—Emerson—on Sunday, in time to see Ensign Mackenzie leave for Grafton. The Ensign told me he had a glorious time in the interest of the Grace Before Meat.

I was also met by Captain Wilkins, the Commanding Officer of this Corps. We had a fine little inside affair, although it was raining. Inside we had a grand meeting, and every one was interested.

Sunday's Manoeuvring.

The 7 a.m. knee-drill was a glorious time and God blessed us very much.

At 2:30 Sunday morning the Captain, with his team, called for me and drove twelve miles to the South, to Sergeant Major Taylor's. The Sergeant-major, with his wife and family, are Salvationists and living for God.

After dinner we drove to SOUTH JOLIET, where a good crowd of people were waiting at the School-House.

At this place, I found Captain J. J. J. of the Pacific Province, who is resting.

After faithfully warning the sinner to flee from the wrath to come, we drove back to the Sergeant-Majors, and at sunset we went on the wheels again to the School-House at North Joliet.

Corps, and we were taken to the town with the Salvation Army horse, which was a fine one. We had a glorious time in the open-air, and a good time inside. The Captain and his Lieutenant are in good spirits, although they are rather tired from a financial standpoint, as for miles round this Corps the crops have been ruined out, and it is said that some three hundred people will need assistance during the winter. Nevertheless, God will supply all our needs.—E. B.

MAJOR COLLIER ON THE ROAD.

PRISON BARRS — THE MIRACLE — FOUR SOULS OUT—YOU SHOULD HEAR HARRY TALK AND SEE HIM DANCE.

WHAT ROAD? Why the railroad to Portage la Prairie to be sure. The Major and Mrs. Collier were announced to hold special meetings there for a week, and the Major arrived just on time, although the train was late, and they had a proper time and four souls out, two in the afternoon and two at night. Ah, you should have heard Harry talk; there seemed no end to it. And shout—the people knew all about the miracle in Portage by this time; if they don't they don't take time to listen.

The crowds were good, and so were the collections. Captains Broadbelt and Perkins are in charge here. Captain Perkins, I hear, led a meeting in the jail, where there has lately been a good work going on, and several who were once behind the bars are now good soldiers of the Corps.

A number of backsliders were in the meeting, and wished they were saved once again, when they read and spoke to them, and you should have seen Harry dance when his wife came to the post-front; also the wife of another soldier got saved. A good time all through. Yes, it was there. That's how I know.—Captain Tooke.

cent. above their last collections. God bless Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Gillette. A few of their best soldiers were Mr. W. Fort, \$5; Miss Virginia, \$3.00; Mr. Blatkie, \$1.00; Mr. Kennedy, \$1.10; Mr. Joseph.

Hot Fortage.

The Agent I spoke so highly of fulfilled my expectations in part, having sown the good seed, but left before the seed was sown. Victory is sure, above 600 per cent. above last quarter for Social work.

Videns

takes third place now in this Light Brigade effort. Sixty cents unloaded box-holders with the importance of our work, and people thus enthused drop in, which counts up at the end of the quarter.

Officers could make an interesting meeting on meeting on the Provincial Agents' visit by having all the Soldiers carry boxes to meeting, bombarding in open-air, reading slum and Bible stories, statistics, and so on.—Ensign P. McKenzie, Provincial Agent.

EAST ONTARIO.

MAJOR SHARP, Pro. Sec.

POINT ST. CHARLES. — Last Wednesday Adjutant Galt led the meeting, assisted by the Soldiers and the Nos 1 and 3, also the Officers from the Rescue Home and Lighthouse. A big crowd gathered to the open-air meeting, and glorious free-and-easy meeting followed inside. On Sunday when the Major was converted. Hallelujah! Yours in the War—W. Goodale.

TRENTON.—Yesterday was a most blessed season. From morning till near midnight the soldiers went to battle for souls, and crowned the work with seven sinners seeking Salvation. Soul souls, souls in our motto.—Captain Staiger and Captain McKenzie.

GANANOQUE.

Praise God for another week's victory. The devil defeated and God glorified. Our Methodist friends are rebuilding their church, and consequently are without a place to hold their weekly prayer-meetings. In unity there is strength, and we have united on Wednesday nights, believing God is going to make it a blessing to both them and us. Bismarck has three precious souls, two backsliders and one sinner, who sought and found Him to the satisfaction of their souls.—J. Funnell, for Adjutant Mrs. Mitchell.

District Officer McHarg supplied Major Sharp's place at Trenton recently, when the Major was delayed through a boat accident.

MAJOR SHARP AT BRIGHTON.

Major Sharp, accompanied by District Officer McHarg, Captain Batu, a Cadet, and a number of Soldiers, led on a splendid meeting at Brighton on Thursday. The old Barracks was destroyed some time ago, but Mr. Nesbit, the landlord, volunteered to build the Army another Barracks, and rent it to the Major was at Brighton to open this Barracks for Salvation battles. His visit was signified by four souls seeking God for mercy. One was a Junior, who was followed by a man and woman.

District Officer McHarg visited Coonara on Friday, and conducted a meeting in the open-air opposite the Opera House, where the crowd was sent to see the performance. The opera goers were faithfully warned. On Saturday night, at Port Hope, a man cried for mercy.

QUEBEC.

The Rev. Mr. Sparling, of the Methodist Church, attended our meeting last Sunday night, and gave an address on Naaman, the leper. In giving his testimony, he said he was converted last Sunday night, and gave an address on Naaman, the leper. In giving his testimony, he said he was converted last Sunday night, and gave an address on Naaman, the leper. In giving his testimony, he said he was converted last Sunday night, and gave an address on Naaman, the leper.

"Can't you save steps he freed From all this crushing load of sin?"

"I'll go as once I will indeed; Will Jesus really take me in?"

This School-House was full and running over. There was not enough space. God came down, blessed us richly, gave us much of his power, and the Lord under the Spirit which worked in the meetings.

Captain Wilkins did some good service with his lance.

After the night meeting we were driven by Sergeant-Major O'Shaughnessy to his home in Carlisle Brigade.

After a good day's correspondence on the front of the meeting, and had the School-House well filled with saint and sinner, who listened to us with great attention. We left them feeling that we had done what we could for their salvation.

Monday Night Captain Wilkins

and I drove to Emerson, where I attended to quite a lot of mail, had a few hours' rest, and then drove to Ridgeville, another brigade of this famous Circle Corps. At this place we had also a splendid time and a good crowd.

All the above blunders are doing well, and although the soldiers and friends are weary and right in the midst of the harvest, they drove right to get to the meetings, and we are not abused.

THIS IS A MODEL CIRCLE, and the meetings and Corps business is done of a systematic way. There are three Field Officers stationed at this place. They have two horses, which are kept on the go all the time.

MORDEN.

I was kept by Captain Knabon at this place, about twenty miles from the

PROVINCIAL AGENT MCKENZIE Conquers Pneumonia and Goes Forth to War Again.

Once more on the war-path, feeling all the better for sickness and rest afterwards. Pneumonia is a subtle shadow of death. He may let you come back, and he may not. He has me.

I owe a debt of gratitude I shall never be able to pay to Captain Campbell and Lieutenant Swain, also to Mr. Rutledge, of Moonshine, who attended me night after night for over two weeks, and would not take a cent of pay. God bless him!

I cannot fail to mention Handmaster and Mrs. Selder, of Portage la Prairie, who invited me to their home, and showed me every kindness for three weeks of my convalescence. I am on tour again. Praise God!

Selkirk District.

Things are looking brighter than four months ago, and Brother Brown feels encouraged to push the Grace Before meat and get more box-holders. This quarter was 900 per cent. better than last quarter.

Fort William

was the best for crowds I have yet seen in the Hallelujah July Violent stirred things. It was her first Sunday.

Port Arthur.

Words fail me. Grace Before Meat Agents, although North-West Champions last quarter, have gone 70 per



"No, Not To-Night."

QUEEN CITY PROVINCE.

MAJOR HOWELL, Provincial Officer.

HARVEST HOME—DUNDAS AHEAD.

THE FIRST WRITTEN REPORT OUTSIDE OF TORONTO REACHES US FROM DUNDAS—LIEUT. POLLITT DUSTS HER TARGET—MURRAH FOR DUNDAS.

The Lieutenant had the Barracks nicely decorated and a well-arranged musical programme drawn up, which was carried through by the Junior in a very creditable way. Some of the children were attired in white flowing robes for the occasion. When all was done to well it in scarcely necessary to particularise, but I must mention Maggie Revell. She is only about three years of age, but she spoke and sang like a little woman. At the close of the musical go, the fruit and vegetables were disposed of. Lieutenant Pollitt is to be congratulated on the successful results of their work.—E. for Lieutenant.

"E" has omitted to report one important particular, viz., the amount of money raised.

MURRAH FOR LIPPINCOTT CORPS.

Adjutant Onslow conducted a rousing meeting last Sunday evening. She delivered an excellent address, and the singing was simply grand. One planer found the favour, and rejoiced in his new-found freedom. Although the weather was inclement, a fairly large congregation assembled.

OAKVILLE.

A PLUCKY LITTLE CORPS WITH NO OFFICERS BANGS RIGHT OVER THE HARVEST FESTIVAL TARGET.

OUR special Harvest Festival Service was very good. A Methodist gentleman enjoyed himself so well that he came to me and offered his services if we got up another singing battle. He has a number of different musical instruments which would no doubt be acceptable in a singing no. About eighteen children took part in the service. The congregation was small, but we have gone over our Target. Praise God. No defeat!—Bergmont Hinton.

SPELL THE NAME OF THAT RAY.

LITTLE CURRENT.—We held a real blood and fire soul-saving meeting at Horsaw Bay last night. The Devil's ranks were broken, and nine precious people sought and found Christ, to the joy of their hearts. May God bless the people of that Bay for their kindness to the Salvation Army. They invited us back again. Our Officers do all in their power to pull down Satan's Kingdom and lift Christ up to the perishing. Constant praying to God always brings victory. Go cheer up, comrades. If the fighting is hard sometimes, God's Word shall not return unto him void.—Frank Grey, Blood and Fire Soldier for Christ.

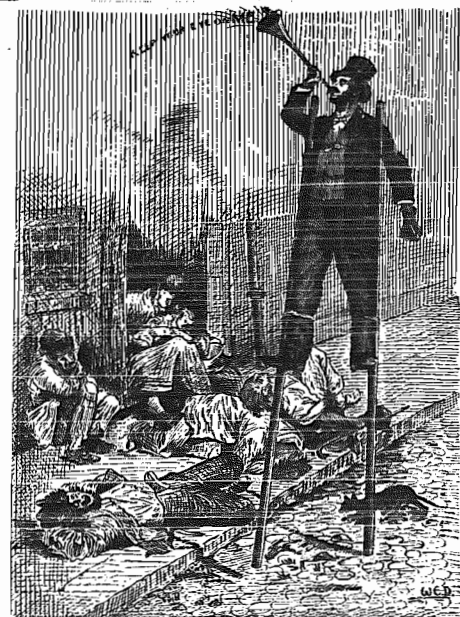
LIGGAR STREET, Toronto.

Grand, good, red-hot times at the Harvest Festival. Adjutant Watson in charge all day Sunday. A backslider saved in the morning, and another soul at night.

HELL IN KINMOUNT.

The Devil is raging. He got his followers to use eggs on us in the open air, but we are not scared at all, for God is with us and gives us the victory. I love to see the Devil in a rage. We mean to stand to God and His teachings and to principles of the Holy Bible as our grand old flag. When we got to the Barracks, stone after stone was hurled at the place and one window was broken.

God Bless Them.



RELIGION ON STILTS—Out of Date now.

Dr. Dumble, one of our Auxiliaries, has designed and sketched for us the picture from which the above cut was taken.

The Golden Pacific.

MAJOR FRIEDRICH, Provincial Officer.

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF GOLD.

ROSSLAND, B. C.—Praise God for the victory we are winning in this place. Major and Mrs. Friedrich visited us and were a blessing. The Major was to the front all day Sunday. At night eighteen blood and fire soldiers were on the move. Frankard came forward and gave us a conversation deeply go. On Monday night the Major enrolled three soldiers and another singer got saved.—R. W. Teesdale, for Captain Dabbington and Lieutenant Quant.

VICTORIA IS RISING.

Wonderful times in the past week here. On Sunday night three persons came out to the Mercy Seat for Salvation. One of the whose two daughters are saved. serving God in the Salvation Army. an out on the march Monday night. and testified in every meeting. At the Soldiers' Assembly, a backslider returned to God and his wife. On Thursday Westminster was expected for Wednesday's meeting. The Brass Band and Soldiers went to meet the "Charmers," but she did not arrive, and we were sorry to hear later that sickness had kept her at home. On Thursday previous to the half-night of prayer, Adjutant and Mrs. Clarke, Ensigns Patterson and Cowan, and Captains Shearer and Stalger were present. A sister sought Salvation in the big "go" previous to the half-night of prayer, who has since persisted in begging for Harvest Festival. In the half-night of prayer, two sinners volunteered our aid, and five persons who had lost ground in their experiences gained victory. Hallelujah! We are rising! God is wonderfully helping us. Officers and soldiers are untidily working and believing that previous souls who have long stayed away from Him shall find deliverance.—Regular Correspondent Annie Relly.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Southall recently spent the week-end at Helena. Talk about humbug, says our correspondent. "Well, I should say so, one, but both." Everybody says, "Come again, and bring those small bottles, too."

Adjutant Phillips did two nights with the Helena braves. Our correspondent says the Adjutant was out all night. There were two out for the second night on Sunday morning, and one for Salvation. They had a lemon

soda on the Saturday night. Brother Rogers thinks the Helena women beat the world at making lemon pie.

THE INDOMITABLE EAST.

BRIGADIER SCOTT, Provincial Officer.

PARRISBORO.—After toiling hard all the week, God blessed our labors by bringing on Sunday night one soul to Himself. A dear sister who had never prayed in her life before, testified that God saved her, and that she was determined, by His help, to do His will. God bless and keep her true.—Cadet Lena McPherson, for Mrs. Wright.

NEWCASTLE.—Brigadier Scott and King's Own Band, a Prodigal Son in four acts, and other wonderful things. On Monday night, our Provincial Officer was with us, accompanied by the King's Own Band, and the Officers from Crantham. God's Spirit was present and striving with the people. On Wednesday evening, Officers and Soldiers went to Douglas town. They were reinforced by Captain G. Allan, Lieutenant Selig, and Sergeant-Major "Crab." Their warriors did a very interesting open-air meeting. On Thursday King's Own Band was with us again and rendered a service entitled "The Prodigal's Son." It was carried out four acts.—Carrie Reeves.

(How was that Prodigal Son meeting carried out?—Ed.)

HALIFAX I.

Harvest Festival is the theme at present. The Lord is saving souls. Six souls since last report. May they persevere to the end in our prayer.—Secretary Chablin.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. SCOTT FAREWELLING.

SUMMERSIDE.—Very special meetings here of late. Kensington has been visited, and a good meeting held. The King's Own Band arrived, and we had grand times here, almost Redoubt and O'Leary. Four souls were saved at the latter place. The next thing on the programme was a farewell visit from Brigadier and Mrs. Scott. We are sorry to part with these dear leaders, and we feel that the blessing of God, which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow may be theirs till we meet in the morning. During the past week, two souls have professed conversion. We are still believing for more to come to the Saviour.—Mattie Gamble.

West Ontario Agitations.

BRIGADIER MARCETTS, Provincial Officer.

GUELPH AGAIN.

Thank the Lord there is no monopoly in the religion of Jesus Christ. In the Grace of God brings Salvation to the aristocrat as well as the gutter-singer and halm. (Jew or Gentile.) We had Sam Landers with us on Harvest Festival Sunday, exhibiting himself as a living demonstration to the "Yea" of God to transform a Jew, inwardly and outwardly. At the knee-thrust one yea man forsook the filthy ways of earth, and was once more made a warrior, the goodly heritage of the Kingdom of Heaven. He declared his intention of joining the aristocracy of Heaven (the Salvation Army). The lesson in the Guelph meeting was on backsliding, to a doctrine which some people don't believe in. However, unbelief does not alter the fact that it is possible to make shipwreck of faith and fall from grace. The dear Lord manifested Himself in a miracle, and was seen on an stretched arm in the afternoon and evening meetings, but we caught no more fish, not even a fishbone, but nevertheless we'll fight till we die and never run away, for God has blessed our Army in such a mighty way.—Walter Scott.

INGERSOLL BOOKING AS USUAL.

Wonderful Harvest Festival demonstrations. Harbucke beautifully decorated large amounts of goods for sale. At the Gleaner's meeting went up, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Turner, with Ensign Green, to the front. Good congregations, and ditto collections and souls. They marched in uniform and sang with fervour in meetings. Today we had a social and many amount of other good things. Harvest Festival results here. Ensign is bent on victory.—Regular Correspondent M. K.

The Guelph Mercury gives a good report of the Harvest Festival demonstrations. We are glad to learn that the converted Jew from Hamilton is on in a most acceptable way. The Barracks was lastefully decorated.

SIMCOE.

There was a big go at the Sims Salvation Army Barracks last morning. Children's Jubilee all day. Mrs. Alder and Mrs. Harbucke, and Captain and Mrs. Peacock, helped us. On Monday night a success. \$14.00 netted. Big time Wednesday night with Ensign Green.

Odd Jottings.

F. E. S., Assistant Editor on the War Cry (Editorial Staff, Francis) has returned from his four-day tour of rough, but he does not look much the better for it.

Adjutant Manton has also gone the way of most warriors and taken a rest. He did it in this wise: He went to the store to come down and open the Trade Store to see everything O. K., and then go off collecting Harvest Festival produce. The Adjutant has as bright and shiny a face as any man on the Headquarters.

Major Gaskin has attained notoriety for a side-splitting anecdote. He looked upon by the Headquarters boys as a perfect encyclopedia for stories.

Major Gaskin, after telling a capital story at the Temple recently was surprised to see Ensign Sica come before him with a platform with a promise of ten cents for the tale. The Major must have felt encouraged for a second time, was soon after honoured in the same manner.

The Trade Department is booming the cash or C. O. D. system with grand success, so the Assistant Trade Secretary asserts.

Prayer Answered.

FINANCIAL TES and COMMENTS

Provincial or Local Agents.

NOTE.—Grace B. re Mont Poxes, as he got at any time from the Financial Provincial or Local Agents.

The FIELD COMMISSIONER

ACCOUNTED BY

Colonel Jacobs

AND THE

Bicycle Battalion

Will conduct Salvation Battles at

AURORA, September 18.
BARRIE, September 19 and 20.
NEWMARKET, September 27.



THE SALVATION ARMY

IN NORTH-WESTERN AMERICA.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and the extension of the Kingdom of God on earth. The only of the Salvation War in this place. Address of communication: The Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

The General's Call to Prayer for Armenia.

Our General once said that a true Salvationist's arms (of love and faith) are twenty-three thousand miles long—they encircle the globe.

These are the kind of Salvationists who will appreciate to the full the General's call to the Army to hold a day of prayer on behalf of Armenia.

As to the condition of Armenia, words are utterly unable to describe it.

The name Armenia stands in the mind for a place of indescribable blood and suffering; a place where all that is sacred and good in the religious and domestic life of a people has been ruthlessly trampled to the dust, a place from whence the very shadow of freedom has fled, and sin, full grown, has been flaunted in all its hideous nakedness, leaving behind ghastly footprints, which plead together spell utter destruction.

The accused war has gone on till the sense of justice in every man's conscience has been utterly outraged, and ever man's heart has turned sick, while to aggravate all there is the intensely shameful fact that this has been done in the presence of "the great powers" who could, if they would, have stayed the murdering hand.

These things are a fearful commentary on the text, "Vain is the help of man," and furnish the call, yes, have furnished it long ago, for the people of God to rise up and prove that there is a God who, in answer to His people's prayer, does make wars to cease, and does deliver His people from the sword of the oppressor.

Field Commissioner's E.O.E. Campaigns Another Triumph.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name." Through it our precious leader is still winning glorious victories in her introductory Campaigns. At the time of writing, East Ontario is the arena of her operations. Full reports are not yet to hand, but what brief snapshots are in abundance witness most-savory fights at Peterboro, Belleville and Kingston, besides mighty crowds and tremendous enthusiasm. The Commissioner is mighty in prayer and knows full well its value in the great work of regenerating men, and is grateful for the intercession of our own people and the many Christian friends who join with the Army in prayer for blessing on her work. She asks a continuance of that believing, persistent praying which will not be denied, from one and all, for the great work she has been called to.

One, Two, Three—Away.

Like every other branch of the service in this Territory, the War Cry is booming along splendidly. The interest taken in the paper by our Officers of all ranks and our soldiers is especially gratifying. We do not want to stop short of the summer of 1915, and in order to get our forces the better marshalled on the paper war, we this week start a War Cry race. Every Corps will be engaged, and we confidently look forward to a great increase in the circulation of the paper. Of course, the attitude of the Field Officers towards the race will make or mar it, but we have no fear of them. They will bloom their own paper sky-high. God bless them!

Victory Again.

It is not too early to shout another Hallelujah over the Harvest Festival fight. A few despatches have come in and they are full of what we might call the intoxication of victory. Our troops appear to have flung themselves at the work and won with a rush.

Prayer.

Have we, individually and collectively, fully tested the power of this weapon of our warfare? All the exhortations and invitations of the Bible to pray, and with the promises so plentifully strewn about the book, there must be a vast continent of unappreciated power and blessing still waiting for those who will impatiently and persistently push their way through to victory. Who will join with us and go up to possess this good land?

Another War Cry Mustn't.

On another page will be found the details of a \$131 prize-race. This Competition has nothing different to the rest of them, in that it is a race, and according to their opportunity, size, etc., which gives the smaller Corps as good a chance as the larger ones. We are confident that the same spirit of enthusiasm and determination which has won the last race, will be far outdone in this one, and many who took no part before in Cry-selling will rise to the call of war on this occasion. This is the God's paper, and deserves to be read by every one, from the Governor-General downwards. Thousands more can be sold than at present. See you to it.

Our Comrades Who "Are Not"

ONE by one our precious Comrades will fall in the fight. Perhaps they were better, to say, like Enoch, they are not, for God takes them. No doubt they are needed for a higher service and He who sees them and Whom they serve has a right to thus honor them if He sees ones their loss and the latest from among our Officers to go up higher. We deeply sympathize with her loss and the loss of all with all whose losses we chronicle week by week. Concerning the Lieutenant, Major Howell, her Provincial Officer, says:

"LIEUTENANT HOWELL has done several years devoted service. I have known her for six years and have never known anything of her but good."

"She was a great blessing and comfort to her sister, Adjutant Scarr. Some of our Comrades may wonder why it is that she had never risen above the rank of Lieutenant. The only reason for this was her being stationed with her sister, who was promoted to the rank just before she was. The Lieutenant took sick."

"She was a reliable and loyal Salvationist," gave the Army no cause for uneasiness whatever.

"Her death has caused a gap amongst the faithful of our ranks. I am sure her devoted parents and her sister can rely upon the heart-felt sympathy of their Comrades throughout the Territory."

LATEST NEWS

HARVEST FESTIVAL TARGET SMASHERS.

Collingwood.

We are on top. Bull's-eye hit—McKinnon and Ollis.

Newmarket.

Harvest Festival Target struck in the bull's-eye. \$20.00 netted. — Captain Mitchell.

Shelburne.

We have knocked the bull's-eye out of our Target—S. Blackburn.

St. Catharines.

Harvest Festival passed off beautifully. We raised nearly double what has ever been raised before, besides sending five dollars over our target.

We have paid some bills that have been owing about a year, which enables us to breathe more freely. Splendid meetings, Mrs. Adjutant Hunter (formerly Captain Hassan) of the States, with us Sunday. One soul in the Fountain Saturday night, and over fifty-one dollars for the week-end. Hallelujah! —Yours to win, John Jones, Captain.

Shelburne.

Target O. K.—V. Stainforth.

Hamilton.

District Target disappeared, and \$50 over, with more to be gathered in. Oakville, \$10.00; and all the Corps have gone over their Target. Dundas and No. 11, doing well. No. 1, has \$5 and more to be collected in. L. Lowry, Adjutant.

Cravenhurst.

Struck Harvest festival our own—four days before time appointed—\$25. —Captain and Mrs. Lacey.

Major Street, Toronto.

Our Harvest Festival reached. Thank God.—Comrade S. McFarlane.

West Ontario Warriors Win Wonderful Victories.

St. Thomas.

Harvest Festival Target smashed, and \$10.00 over.—Fisher and Moulton.

Strathroy.

Five dollars over the Target.—Crawford and Sitzer.

Seneca.

The Soldiers took hold well. \$5 over Target.—Orchard and Hancock.

Bridgeport.

After a desperate effort, \$3.00 over Target.—Captain and Mrs. Wakefield.

Elmhurst.

Target bursted. To God be all the glory.—Captain Paxton.

Wairford.

Hallelujah again and again! \$1.50 over Target.—Crawford and Jones.

Amherstburg.

We have gone over our Target. Praise God!—Hranigan and Coe.

Drayton.

Victory is ours. Target gained.—Andrews and Dalke.

Levittown.

Collied the summit. Fire a volley.—Coulter & Co.

Wyoming.

One dollar over Target.—King and Fugher.

Berlin.

Scored another victory. Target reached.—Whealan and Hollett.

Horwich.

Praise the Lord! \$2.00 over Target.—McIntyre and Heater.

The Newmarket Weekly Advertiser contains a glowing report of the Harvest Festival campaign, conducted there by the Editor.

Sergeant Major Burton, of Newmarket, has farrowed for the Field.

A number of Headquarters Staff conducted a meeting in a Parliament Street mission one Sunday night recently.

THE CONQUERING NORTH-WEST.

Grand Financial Fight and Splendid Victory.

A despatch from the North-West Provincial Officer, Major Bennett, just as we go to press, conveys the magnificent news that the Prairie Province has won a splendid victory in the Harvest Festival fight, knocking the bull's-eye clean out of the target. \$20.00 has been taken, which is above the target. Glory to God! Congratulations, North-Westerners.

Australia.

SPECIAL FROM MELBOURNE.

Preparations are being made here for an elaborate welcome demonstration to the Comrades and Mrs. Booth, Exhibition Buildings, the highest place Melbourne possesses for meetings has been secured. It will be a colossal affair.—Geo. L. Carpenter.

BARRIE DISTRICT.

Jas. Neville's Glorious Death—40 at the 1st Call—Sobored the Crowd—Street's True Blue.

Barrie is doing real well of late; souls are being saved every week, and converts joining our ranks. Last Sunday we conducted the funeral service of James Neville, a young man who was saved six weeks ago through our Comrades visiting him during his illness. Almost his last words were "From victory into victory!"

"I See the Angels all Around Me."

His Memorial Service was held at night, and the Spirit of God gripped the crowd from the beginning. His two sisters, saved only four weeks ago, testified, and in the prayer-meeting a man who could fight off conviction no longer, volunteered for Salvation. God set him free, and also some of the Comrades. Glorious! Is the only word to describe the dancing, happy wind-up. Fourteen souls for salvation and six for sanctification is not bad for August.

Last night we had nearly forty soldiers and recruits at an ordinary rally, and four recruits gave in their names for enrolment.

On Sunday our barracks is crowded with the right kind of people who will be soldiers.

Monday night a man came into the meeting so drunk that he could scarcely stand up a four foot side, but he came forward and God sobered and saved him before the meeting closed. We told him of the meeting, and he was heart broken, but soon cheered up when he saw he was saved.

At Collingwood Captain McKinnon and Lieut. Ollis are doing a good fight for God and souls and having success.

Feverham Circle

has a lot of good soldiers and friends. Captain Parker and Lieut. Blackburn have had success and are looking after the souls God has given them lately. Our visits to these Corps are always enjoyable.

Stroud at Last

has an Officer, Captain Brant, late of West Ontario Province, has just come to Stroud. Officer and Mrs. Brant, and a few others fought bravely during the seven months without coffee. They sold Cry and meeting place, and now we are looking for a general move on.

Personally we at the District Headquarters are well in our own souls enjoying the blessing of a clean heart and abiding in victory.—D. C. Moore, D. O.

WAR CRY

PROMOTIONS.

LIEUTENANT OLLIS, of Collingwood, to be Captain.

APPOINTMENTS.

STAFF-CAPTAIN MINNIE, D. O., for Toronto Inner Circle.

LIEUTENANT MCCANN, of Hamilton, to Toronto V.I. (in charge).

LIEUTENANT PAXTON, of Brampton, to Toronto VIII.

EVANGELINE B. BOOTH, Commissioner.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER'S EAST ONTARIO CAMPAIGN

A Towering Triumph.

HALLS CROWDED TO THE DOORS—AUDIENCES RIVETTED—POWER OF GOD MIGHTILY FELT—SINNERS SAVED IN EVERY MEETING—FINANCES EXCELLENT.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

The Field Commissioner's Visit to the East Ontario Province.

NOT only are these the impressions of the Chief Secretary, but of many others also. To say that the Campaign has been a "beautiful time" is only a faint way of putting it. The tour has been a remarkable one from almost every standpoint.

We believed for a good time, and not only did our faith get rewarded, but more than rewarded. We received better than our faith, something to help little faith into big faith.

It is wonderful how I have seen some people's faith rise about 7.45 p.m., when they have seen the barracks nearly full.

—10—

Halls Jammed Full.

The visits were to Peterboro, Belleville, Kingston, Brockville, Ottawa and Montreal.

At every place the buildings were filled.

At every all there were people standing, and standing not for five minutes, but for two hours.

If it were possible to believe it, we would almost have thought that each Corps was trying to beat the other for crowds.

Allow me to remind our friends that most of these places were in Ontario, and it is a well-known fact that it is more difficult to get crowds here than elsewhere.

To begin to mention the separate places would take up too much space. I consider, apart from everything else, the gathering together of such crowds on week nights a mighty victory, for which we all praise God.

—10—

Absorbedly Attentive.

Another feature of the meetings is the most wonderful way the people listened. With only just a few exceptions, at every place they sat, that is, those who had a seat, and listened until past ten o'clock, and then hundreds remained and sang and prayed till past eleven. A gentleman at one place told me very much amused in the prayer meeting, so much so that the Commissioner went to him and said, "You look amused!" He replied, "I am not only amused, but deeply interested." He only gave expression to the feelings of hundreds more. They looked so. They sat so, they smiled so, they nodded their heads so, some cried so, and some even clapped their hands so. My impression is that among the crowds this tour has created feelings of the deepest interest.

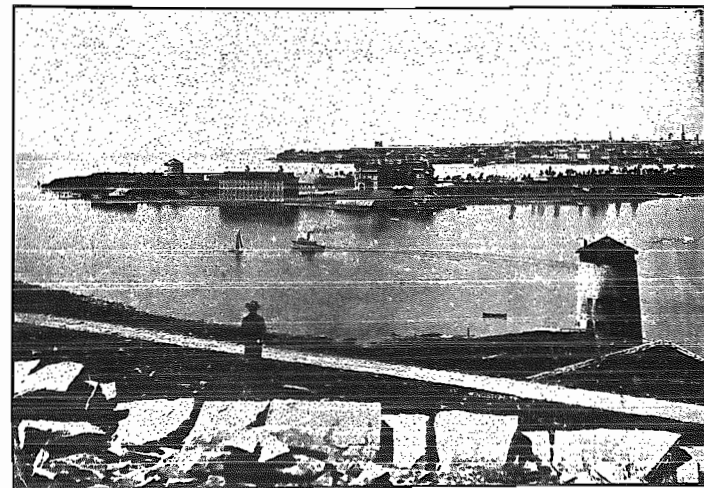
—10—

The Big Rush Factor.

Here I am rushing in with both feet,



ENSEIGN STANTON, in charge of Kingston Corps and District.



Head of the Provincial Headquarters for East Ontario and the scene of one of the Field Commissioner's great Salvation Rallies.

KINGSTON, The Limestone City.

Major Sharp's Excellent Arrangements.

The arrangements were splendid. This is not the first tour I have been on, and I humbly beg to say that I know where work and thought have been expended on meetings. I make bold to say that the arrangements of Major Sharp and his officers were as good, if not better, than any I have observed at any visit of a Commissioner to a Province.

He expected souls, and had the fishers all on the front seats, with a fisher's badge on. He got souls.

He expected a big collection, consequently he bought some special plates large enough, and a sufficient number of them to hold it. He got it, having splendid offerings, meeting the expenses of the tour, and leaving the Officers their share, besides helping the Harvest Festival. Major Sharp put out his heart, I fancy I can hear him saying, "Thank God, this is a financial success, and no loss to Headquarters." Long has he sighed for it. Now it has

come. Everybody sing with Major Sharp, "Happy on the way, bless the Lord, I am happy on the way."

—10—

The Mighty Crowds.

Dear Major Sharp once more.

He expected crowds. He borrowed seats where he thought they could be placed in the buildings, and got them filled.

His Officers had their barracks made beautifully decorated, and I believe without much cost. Loving hands, joined to bodies which possessed loving hearts, had worked numbers of beautiful "Welcome to our beloved Commissioner" etc. How nice! If they had been bought out of the funds of the poor Salvation Army it would be different. Any one could decorate a hall with plenty of cash. They were all the more appreciated because of how they were done. It was all noticed. The Commissioner noticed every one, and I believe the Recording Angel recorded the motive. Major Sharp has the promise of another visit. May it soon be realized.

—10—

THE PROVINCIAL OFFICER'S REPORT.

Peterboro.

THE world has produced many heroes in every stage and sphere of life—the warrior, who leads the soldiers on the field of battle from victory to victory; the statesman, who gives his time and service for the welfare of the nation; the poet, who charms the hearts of millions by his music and song; the agents of God, who turn our feet into the narrow way that leads on to Heaven and God.

The world has also produced heroines, who by their heroic deeds and acts of kindness have won the nation's heart, and whose example shines before us clear as the midday sun.

It was a great pleasure to us to have the honor of welcoming one of God's heroic daughters to this city of Peterboro. The Field Commissioner had been announced for some time to lead



LIEUT. KLOSS, Kingston.

Souls? Of course.

Souls, did I hear you say? Yes, of course. Salvation meetings without souls is like churning cream and getting no butter; planting potatoes and getting no crop; feeding the cow and getting no milk; apple trees out in bloom and getting no apples.

Salvation meetings are for souls. At every meeting in the Province there were souls.

We knew there would be; we went expecting souls; the Soldiers prayed for them, and we got what we went for.

After the truth got in their hearts, it became a far easier task to get them out; some places more than others. At Kingston, seven; Belleville, twelve; Ottawa, ten; Montreal, a crowd.

The recording angels marked them all down. This I consider, with the curiosity of the people incidental to the Commissioner's first visit, and only one night in one place, a splendid victory for God. Everybody sing "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."

great revival meeting in the Army Barracks on Monday, August 31, and both soldiers and friends were full of expectation for a wonderful time.

The barracks were filled to the door, which means, at a moderate estimate, 1,700 people were present.

Some Soldiers and friends came 27 miles in a hand-car.

Colonel Jacobs

In introducing the Commissioner to the congregation, stated that her mission was to win souls and inspire the local Corps on to victory.

As the Commissioner stepped to the front, amidst the blowing of trumpets, the clapping of hands, the firing of volleys and waving of handkerchiefs,

Two Little Juniors

presented her with two beautiful bouquets from the Junior Corps.

THE COMMISSIONER said: "I have heard many good things about Peterboro people from different parties, so that I have learned to love you before I had the pleasure of seeing you, but now that I have had the pleasure of seeing you, I cannot help loving you more. I am glad that the Band Boys know how to

Pray as Well as Play

I am also pleased to see so many Soldiers in full uniform, and that the Junior Corps is in a good working condition. I have also heard of the liberal way the friends have helped to support the Army work. I am I look upon all these good things you have sent into the *Harvest Festival*, it all comes to help confirm the truth which I have heard about your liberality."

them to give their hearts to God, one after another came out until twelve were found seeking salvation.

One of the leading merchants stated that he had received a very pleasant disappointment. He, with some others, had come expecting to hear a lecture on how the Army work was progressing, but instead had listened to a powerful address on holiness.

Kingsdon.

Our expectations were high for this place. We made enquiries from Euslen Stanley as to how his faith was for a crowded house.

His reply was, "Rest contented and weary not. The trouble will be the other way, where shall we put the people?"

This proved to be the case, as fully eleven hundred people came, although the night was very disagreeable. The hall was nicely decorated with mottoes, flags and evergreens, also a life-size picture of the Field Commissioner.

Sharp on time, the Commissioner stepped on the platform, amidst the cheers of a large congregation.

The Rev. Dr. Wilson.

who was saved thirteen years ago in the Army Barracks, introduced the Commissioner. He stated that he had great pleasure in doing so, as he had met the Commissioner in New York and was proud of the noble-hearted spirit she showed in standing true to the faith in the hour of trial.

Before the Commissioner spoke, she introduced a little Canadian boy that she had adopted into her family. While



"Oh, dear, no! Nothing of the kind! We are neither weak nor cowardly, nor yet been defeated away with the heat. We have had something to write about, no, but someone it was expected. It is better to tell the honest truth than make excuses, however plausible."

The soul-saving tide is rising. Mighty waves of Salvation are going to sweep over this territory. The Field Commissioner is setting the pace for real desperate dealing with the people about their souls, with a straight, plain and unvarnished Gospel. Still, we follow her heroic example? Methinks I hear every Officer and Soldier respond with a loud YEAH, WE WILL! Then forward, my Comrades! FORWARD!!

The Chief Secretary, too, is a born fighter no half-and-half with him. You can see plain enough he means souls, and he keeps this in mind, holds on to the last, and will not quit the field while there is a possible chance of capturing another prisoner. WANTED: MORE FIGHTERS!!

Brigadier Margate's is a man who can see a long way, and he knows a good thing when he sees it. None know and realize the importance of getting hold of, and saving the children more than does the noble leader of the West Ontario forces. In order that this branch of our work may be brought more to the front, the Brigadier is going to occupy some considerable time in laying plans for advancement before his Officers at the three days' special Councils at London, Ont.

The Junior Soldiers' Regulations are now in the hands of the Provincial Officers, and we may fairly expect that something will give way soon. God is going to have the children for Himself and it is our duty to bring them to Him.

In addition to the Company Manual, there is being printed a nice three-fold or lesson card, giving number of subjects, and date of each lesson for the year commencing Sunday, October 4th. It will show, too, where the lesson is to be found, and also contains valuable hints to Junior Soldier workers, and should prove useful toForgiveness, parents and children. It will be sold for the modest sum of two cents, and when once seen should go like a prairie fire.

The Harvest Festival meetings at the Temple were good. Ensigns Dodd and Barnes, with their wives, worked like Trojans, and God gave us the victory, eight souls coming to the Mercy Seat. The Monday's Musical Festival was up-top. The band played well. The singing was a treat. The General Secretary, and a few dainty words of adjourn and exhortation to finish up. Adjunct Burdette is on the winning side.

Have You started in the War Cry Boomerang race? This is a great business, I can assure you. Read the War Cry on the subject. See your Captain at once, and get him to endorse your name, and start booming right off. By doing so you will be engaged in a good work and will be pleased.

Some of the Toronto Officers are being taught the music drill, and in turn will teach them to the children. Don't you know what they are? Well, they are special drills which they are taught the Band of Love members. They are all O. K., and no mistake, when you see them for yourself, accompanied by the Staff Band. Why, you'll be lost in wonder. You had better keep a sharp look out.

Has the Band of Love been started at your Corps? If not, just see the Captain and ask him about it. Every Corps is to have a society in connection with the Children's work.

The Commissioner has decided that the District Officers shall send a copy of their returns to the Territorial Headquarters, as well as to the Provincial Officers, so that she may be able to see the figures of each Corps and observe the progress or otherwise of every Corps separately.

Next in importance to the work of bringing sinners to the Saviour is the business of looking after them when they are saved. We are much too careless in this respect. Major Egger says that if we loved God and souls more we should look after them better. We must improve.

The infant daughter of Major and Mrs. Howell only lived a few short hours, before God called it back again and took the tiny one into His own bosom. 'Twas a great grief to the parents, and we are sure they have the deep sympathy of all who know them. The blow was specially heavy for Mrs. Howell, but God sustained her.

A quiet little funeral, and the precious soul was laid to rest in God's care. Those who stood by the tiny grave prayed for grace to live better, and God heard that prayer.

Staff-Captain Smetton's face is wreathed in smiles, and we are delighted to see it, for recently he has worn a most anxious look owing to the shortness of money. The reason for the change is that the Harvest Festival cash is coming in well.



"Dear me, I've forgotten the Graces Before-Tea. What's left on the table?"



BY THE SAM SORTER CC.

R. B. Halifax: Mrs. Adjunct Moore, of Barrie, will supply you words of the song, 'Saviour, I know Thee Love Me, and I love Thee for it. The music can be obtained for five cents at a music store. It is set to the words, 'Dear heart, I find we're singing old.

'Saviour, I know Thou lovest me' is a beautiful song, and is set to the words of Lindsay, authors of 'When the pearls gather unfold.'

London, Ont., Men's Shelter.

Captain H. W. Collier, the genial manager of the above institution for suffering humanity, reports good work being done.

English Harry, a noted gentleman of the rank who got converted during the Commissioner's visit to London, is doing well and now does duty as 'Chic.' He shows by his daily life and walk that there is joy in following Jesus.

The 'Colonel' jolly face and manner cheers up his lunch counter patron.

Candidate Wilbur patrols the place at night to see that none of the new walks too much in the dark.

The 'Soldier' always does duty in cases of emergency, and Jeff can almost turn his hand at anything in a pinch.

The 'Shadow' enforced his stay there very much. He pronounces the place a great blessing, and a harbor of refuge for the many 'Weary Wilkins' who need a cheap lodging and a good place.

SHADOW.

ADJUTANT GIBBS and CAPTAIN MAY, of Peterboro.

The Commissioner Launched Out

and spoke for some time on the various controversies that people have with their soul and God. The truth of God went home to many hearts, and at the close of the meeting a number of souls were found at the Mercy Seat, while many went away thoroughly convicted.

Belleville.

"This meeting is the treat of the reason," was the remark of a gentleman. "We have had many special attractions; they all failed in their object, but the Commissioner's meeting has been a decided success, inasmuch as the barracks was crowded to the doors, and twelve souls cried for mercy."

One Foot Drunkard

came from the back of the hall, and turning to the audience and seeing one of his old chums rushing down the aisle, took hold of him by the hand, and both came to the point-to-point. This man's wife was also led to the Mercy Seat, and as they knelt side by side, the Commissioner, leaning with her, he looked up and said to his wife, "Isn't she lovely? I know all about her. I have

Read the Reports in the War Cry.

I know she loves the drunkards, and I made up my mind that I would come to her meeting and get saved."

The power of God seemed to rest upon the people, and as the Commissioner and Colonel Jacobs pleaded with

Willie sang the people were more than delighted, and the Commissioner promised that at her next visit she would bring the other children along with her. For some time she talked on the possibility of every one being "saved to the uttermost." It was an excellent idea, and the truth went home to many hearts.

In the prayer-meeting, after a stiff fight, our hearts were cheered as one after the other came out, till seven nursed themselves to the claims of Gaby.

Every person was well pleased with the Commissioner's visit. She expressed herself as being delighted, and promised to return at an early date.

Here's another tid-bit. Scene, in Toronto. The Staff Band playing by the street. A young lady with a pug dog on her chain, walking on the sidewalk. Young lady, to the DOG: "Did you hear the pretty Army, darling?"



SALVATION EVOLUTION.



"Just About Full."

A WEEK AND A DAY

WITH THE

LEAGUE OF MERCY.

BY MRS. MAJOR BEAD, Women's Social Secretary.

WHAT does that band on your arm mean? Is it of Mary? What's that? "I enjoyed a lady as I sat in a waiting room waiting for my car."

"An explanation of this branch of our work followed. "Ah, yes, I understand," she answered, with deep interest written in her face. "And you never get any disease, or anything?" adding, with an interest which was almost amusing. "Good people like the Army would never get any infectious diseases, nothing ever happens to you."

I felt inclined to smile at the idea of our having charmed lives. "Well, it's a good society, and you are doing good work," she added, as if she was making an original remark.

At fifteen minutes to six on Monday evening, I stood waiting at the door of the League of Mercy.

The number was gratifying, as this was their only recreation hour, and we were pleased to have them choose to spend it in an Army meeting.

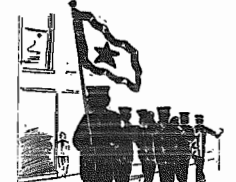
Visions of the white-robed darling, blue-eyed and golden-haired, whom I had left at home before me in contrast to the sad, and in many instances, sin-marred, prison-crowned figures before me. Once they, too, were the idols of some fond mother's heart—a mother's hand had been laid caressingly on many of those heads now straggled in sin.

These dear girls and women joined eagerly in the singing and listened eagerly to testimony and song.

Years flowed freely as God's Word was read, especially as the story was told of the unchanging power of a mother's love illustrative of the undying love of Jesus. Captain Martin's solo seemed to touch their hearts.

When we told them
Our Dear Commissioner
was coming to see them, the girls expressed their pleasure, and by a large show of hands indicated their desire that her visit should be soon.

STANDARD-BEARER.



"We are marching on to War. Come along!"

After an impressive meeting, they followed us to the top of the stairway with longing eyes, exclaiming, "Ah! I wish I could go, too!"

Poor girls! The way of the transgressor is hard.

At the following weekly meeting in the Mercer, there were five saved.

War Cry readers will be glad to know that there have been some real conversions as results of the League's work.

STEALING CHICKENS.



Won't work, must live, therefore steal.

Five women were sent down from one town to the Mercer. Two of that number are saved and doing well.

Another woman left her husband in the sea. She gradually descended the social scale until she was sent for a term of imprisonment to the Mercer. She was converted while there, and is now living a consistent, Christian life with her husband.

Tuesday, 10 a.m., at Toronto's Police Court.

That tried old friend of Rescue Work, Staff-Instructor Archibald, showed his usual kindness.

Instead of a column in the War Cry, we could all one with the stories of the army have been handed over to the Army by Police authorities.

Sometimes girls are sent to the House of Refuge on suspended sentences; 10-day terms of them are bright trophies of grace.

On the occasion of our visit there were no girls to be tried, only a poor old body of seventy, home and destitute, who greatly appreciated the jug of steaming tea brought to her.

Grace Hospital.

WEDNESDAY afternoon we spent with Mrs. Smith in Ormer Hospital distributing War Cry, speaking and praying with patients.

The Home for Incurables.

THURSDAY afternoon's work was by far the most interesting.

The Home for Incurables was the place where pathetically and the very name, the presence of the inmates a signifying the fact that humanity speaking their lives must inevitably be lives of suffering to the end.

SPEAKING IN PUBLIC.



"Friends, I was a drunkard, a thief, and a loafer, but Jesus saved me, and He can save you."

But while there are many distressing forms of chronic maladies and deformities of body, there are some beautiful Christian characters.

There are a few who are not saved, but all are eager to receive the War Cry and the visits of the devoted members of the League of Mercy.

As we walked through one of the corridors, we intentionally omitted one room—seeing other visitors.

"Don't pass me by!" a voice cried out. Of course we turned; gave the War Cry, and sang and prayed with the Sister.

And so on—a ex-soldier, who watches for the Salvationists' weekly visits anxiously.

This seemed to be the general feeling—willingness to be prayed with, and a desire to have Captain Martin sign to them, which desire also gladly complied with.

Two meetings were held, one conducted in the tower sitting-room, which the men attended.

Upstairs the dear aged sisters gathered in their wheel-chairs.

One remarked to me, "Why, Captain, you came here ten years ago, didn't you?"

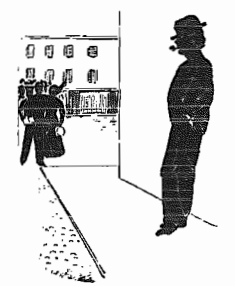
I replied in the affirmative, but could not imagine what suffering and solitude had been her lot during all those years of—me, varied exposures to of Army Headquarters.

We talked in our brief meeting about the two "All things." "All things work together for good" and "Will He not with Him freely give us all things."

A solo by Captain Martin, and we closed by singing, "Shall we Gather at the River."

Already there has been an enrollment

SEES ARMY.



A Listening Loafer.

In the Home, Maria Simpson, who afterwards died, and was given an Army burial, through the League members, one old lady of ninety-eight summers has found Jesus, and a brother—previously known up his tobacco through their influence. The dear patients are very grateful.

One poor old lady, dying from cancer in her face, grasped my hand, covering it with kisses and wet bitterly, saying, "Oh, yes, we'll all meet there; there will be no more suffering or sin."

ON HIS KNEES.



"I do believe, I will believe, that Jesus died for ME."

One young woman has been lying on her back over twenty years. She is a beautiful Christian. She magnifies the wonderful power of Divine grace by her bright spirit and calm fortitude under suffering.

The General Hospital.

FRIDAY, The General Hospital was our meeting place. "Oh! here they are!" cried a bright voice belonging to a still brighter face. Two months of suffering had not dampened the ardour of this happy soldier. She was quite excited and delighted to be prayed with after her long absence from the Corps' meetings.

She told us of her exclamations of "Hallelujah!" "Praise the Lord," etc., while under the influence of an anesthetic, and of the goodness of God to her.

Another sister told of her conversion in the Army. Though not a soldier, she is one of the hundreds of Army converts who have recruited the ranks of the churches.

Another told us of her brother—a Soldier somewhere—She was glad to have his address given her, namely, Brandon, Manitoba. She thanked us for our prayer for War Cry.

And so on—a prayer for this one—a word of hope and counsel for another, and encouragement for all.

The Don Jail.

THERE is an institution which is weekly visited by the League—the Don Jail.

I could not conduct a meeting there during the happy week I spent with the League, as the day for the meeting is the same as the one set apart for the meeting in the Incurables' Home, so a meeting was arranged for the following Thursday afternoon.

Nearly all the prisoners were present and paid the greatest attention to the service.

Silvery heads were there, grown grey in drudgery and sin. But perhaps the saddest picture of all was the laughing, chubby baby in its mother's arms, quite innocent of the nature of its surroundings.

Mrs. Smith spoke teachingly, Captain Martin sang, accompanying himself on the organ.

We read from the Word, showing how all had sinned, and sin's consequences rested upon all, but a pardon was purchased for all alike when Jesus died.

There were a few faces familiar from having been under the Army influences in the early days of our Rescue Work, but how care-lined and worn they seemed, and seemed that they all were in the ways of wickedness!

Governor Green

and the Matrons were extremely cordial—la the officials of both prisons and the hospitals in Toronto treat the Salvation Army workers with the greatest courtesy and consideration. They have a very good, and they are in a position to judge of its results.

Three Hundred War Cry

are given away every week by the League, and both prisoners and patrons are delighted to have them.

I finished my first work with the League by having a meeting with girls in the Toronto Rescue Home, a beautiful little after-ten talk, and a delightful tea-table meeting with the League members.

CLOSE QUARTERS.



Arrested by the Officers of the Goups.

The houses of ill-fame are also visited. Hundreds of bed-sides are being cheered weekly by these visitors, and into the dark places of sin and suffering.

I am conscious that this report does not do justice to the blessed visits made and inspired meetings held. My only apology is that the pain and fever which has burned through my brain in the illness which has intervened has obliterated much which should otherwise have been written.

Pearl of Greatest Price

TUNE—"Dear Jesus Is the One I Love." B. J., 210, 2, M. S., IX., 85.

I've found the Pearl of Greatest Price, The Rose of Sharon I have seen: The Bright and Morning Star is He, My Lord, my Savior, and my King.

Chorus.

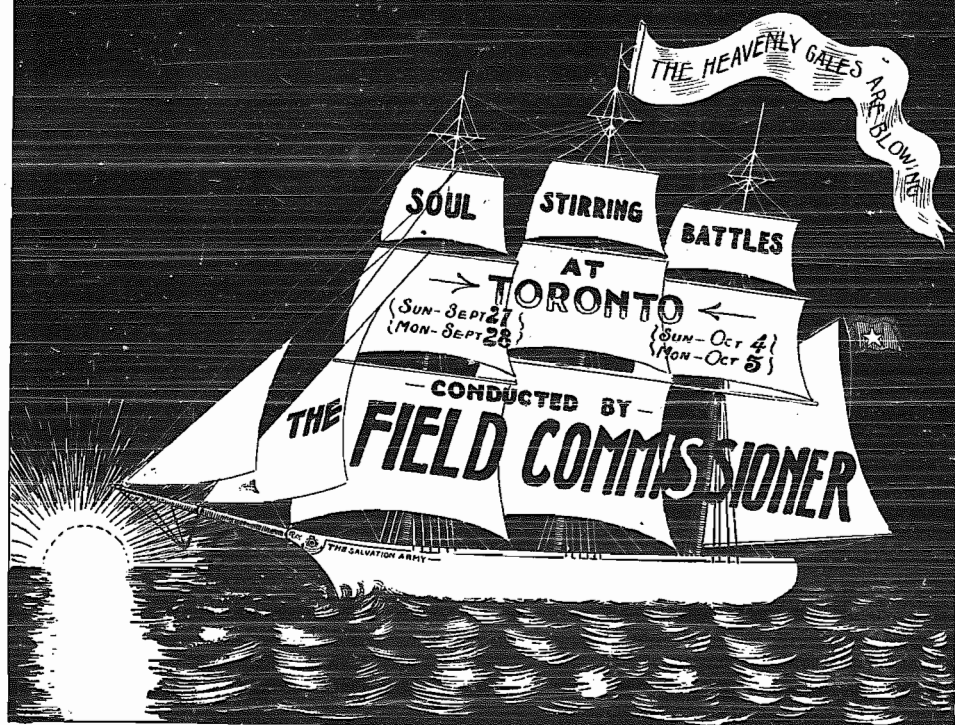
Dear Jesus is the One I love, Oh, bless His name, He died for me; His blood now cleanses me from sin, Dear Jesus, now He sets me free.

He Fairest is of all to me, The Lily of the Valley sweet, The Allegory lovely true, My Hiding Place, my Safe Retreat.

I'll live for Jesus all my days, My strength shall all be spent for Him; My heart shall never leave His love, For He has saved me from all sin.

By MAJOR HOLLOWAY.

It is just as possible to have the theory of holiness without the Spirit as it is to have the theory of justification without the experience; but it is also just as possible to have the theory of holiness without the experience, and to have an experimental knowledge of the saving and sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost, and to have Him to walk in all the commands and ordinances of the Lord,—blameless.—Walter Scott, Guthrie.



Now for a Song - - - - - - *Everybody can Sing.*

The Wonderful Story.

THAT

Poor Sinner, Come Away.

1 Tune.—"That Old, Old Story is True."
There's a wonderful story I heard long ago,
As I sat by my dear mother's knee,
She read from her Bible, so worn and so old,
How Christ suffered and died on the cross,
And the big burning tears rolled down o'er my cheeks,
For that story to me then was new;
But much sweeter it was when I heard mother say,
"That old, old story is true."

Chorus.

That old, old story is true.

And oft have I looked in her dear loving face,
As she told that sweet story to me;
How they mocked Him and scourged Him and put Him to shame,
The poor, guilty sinner to free;
How the thorns they were pressed in His beautiful brow,
He was nailed to the cruel cross, too;
I love so to think He Himself freely gave,
And that old, old story is true.

My mother now lives with the Saviour above,
Who His life freely gave on the tree;
I am glad that she read that sweet story of love,
And told me that I must be free.
Sinner, come to the Saviour! He'll freely forgive,
He's calling and pleading for you;
He will freely forgive you and wash your heart white,
That old, old story is true.

2 Tune.—"John Brown's Body."
Sinner, come to Jesus before it is too late!
Narrow is the way and straight is the gate,
If you reject Him, Hell will be your fate,
Poor sinner, come away!

Chorus.

Come, oh, come and seek salvation!
Come, oh, come and seek salvation!
Come, oh, come and seek salvation!
Before it is too late.

Your days are gilding by, and night is coming on,
Your way is growing dark, you are nearing the tomb,
Unless you are converted, Hell will be your doom,
Poor sinner, come away!

CAPTAIN L. A. YODER.

Will Lead Up There.

3 Tune.—"I Know of a Saviour From Sin."
I'm bound for that mansion in glory,
That Jesus has gone to prepare,
Where loved ones and friends they are waiting,
I hope to land safely up there;
Though thorny at times seems the path,
My Light and my Guide He will be;
I've found that His grace is sufficient,
Praise God, now He sets my soul free!

Chorus.

I'm bound to land safely up there,
I'm bound to land safely up there,
I'm in the right path to the Kingdom,
And bound to land safely up there.
O friends, don't delay, come to Jesus!
A chance is now given to you;
Although in the past you've had many,
In the future you have but few.
To-day is the day of salvation,
No longer, then, harden your heart;
But open and let Jesus enter,
Or He may forever depart.

CAPTAIN HUNTER,
Hastings, Neb.

Cleansing for Me.

4 Tune.—"Cleansing for Me." B. J., 4; P. W., 64.

Lord, through the Blood of the Lamb that was slain,
Cleansing for me;
From all the guilt of my sins now I claim,
Cleansing from Thee.
Sinful and black though the past may be,
Many the crushing debts I have seen,
Yet on Thy promise, O Lord, now I lean,
Cleansing for me.

From all the sins over which I have wept,
Far, far away, by the blood-curtain sweep,
Jesus, Thy promise I dare to believe,
And as I come Thou dost now receive,
That over sin I may never more grieve,
Cleansing for me.

From all the doubts that have filled me with gloom,
From all the fears that would point me to doom,
Jesus, although I may not understand,
In childhood faith now I put forth my hand,
And through Thy Word and Thy grace I shall stand,
Cleansed by Thee.

From all the care of what men think or say,
From ever fearing to speak, sing or pray,
Lord, in Thy love and Thy power make me strong,
That all may know that to Thee I belong.
When I am tempted let this be my song—
Cleansing for me.

He'll Save You.

Tune.—"Over Jordan." B. J., 11.

5 Sinner, come along to-day,
Christ will wash your sins away,
Do not linger from Him afar,
Let Him save you!
You should not let a moment wait,
Just come to your sinful state,
He'll save you from your fate,
Let Him save you.

Chorus.

Let Him save you! Let Him save you!
Then rise up and come away,
He is calling now to-day;
Let Him save you! Let Him save you!
In your sins no longer stay,
Let Him save you!

All in Him may free's come,
Both the drunkard and the bum,
None too deaf or none too dumb,
He can save you!
He will never pass you by,
If to Him you will apply,
Then to Him for mercy cry,
He will save you!

The angels upon us crown,
Yet our faith is firm and sound,
And we're on the winning ground,
In the Army!
We are marching to the fray,
In the fight we mean to stay,
We'll meet on the Judgment Day,
In the Army!

ENSIGN T. S. MASHBURN.

Yorkville Comrades are very anxious to get Adjutant Watson, the new C. O. P. Chancellor, to their Corps.

THE WAR CRY
THIS issue of the War Cry contains all the latest news of the war, with original articles by the General and Officers and Soldiers. There is no more efficient way to spread salvation than by increasing the circulation of The War Cry, which is circulated, not merely to sustain and intensify the devotion of the Army, but to spread all who need to a more self-sacrificing and energetic spirit upon the kingdom of the World.
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